

Story 1226 (1990 Tape 11

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Location: Düzce, kaza town of
Bolu Province

Date: September 7, 1990

Nasreddin Hoca and His Donkey as Pickle Sellers

One day Nasreddin Hoca went from his village to the nearest town to sell some pickles which his wife had made. When he arrived in town, he went along one of the streets, shouting, "Here comes the pickle man! I am selling good pickles! Homemade pickles!"

Right after Hoca had said that, his donkey lifted his head and brayed, "Ah-yee, ah-yee, ah-yee!"

Hoca then moved farther down the street and stopped in front of another house, where he shouted, "Pickle man! I am selling good pickles! Pickles!"

Again, he was followed by his donkey, which brayed, "Ah-yee, ah-yee, ah-yee!"

This situation kept repeating: "Pickles! I am selling good pickles!"

"Ah-yee, ah-yee, ah-yee!"

"Pickle man! I am selling good pickles!"

"Ah-yee, ah-yee, ah-yee!"

When Nasreddin Hoca could no longer stand these interruptions, he turned to his donkey and said, "O my fine donkey! Who is selling these pickles--you or I?"